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TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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TAMING of the SHREW.



Ramberg del

Thornthwaite sculp^t

M^{rs} WRIGHTEN in KATHARINA.

Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand London Feb^y 15, 1786.



TAMING of the SHREW.

*Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch
thee, Kate;*

Act III.

Scene 2.

Burney del.

Delattre sculp.

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London Oct^r 16th 1785.

Bell's Edition.

TAMING of the SHREW,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

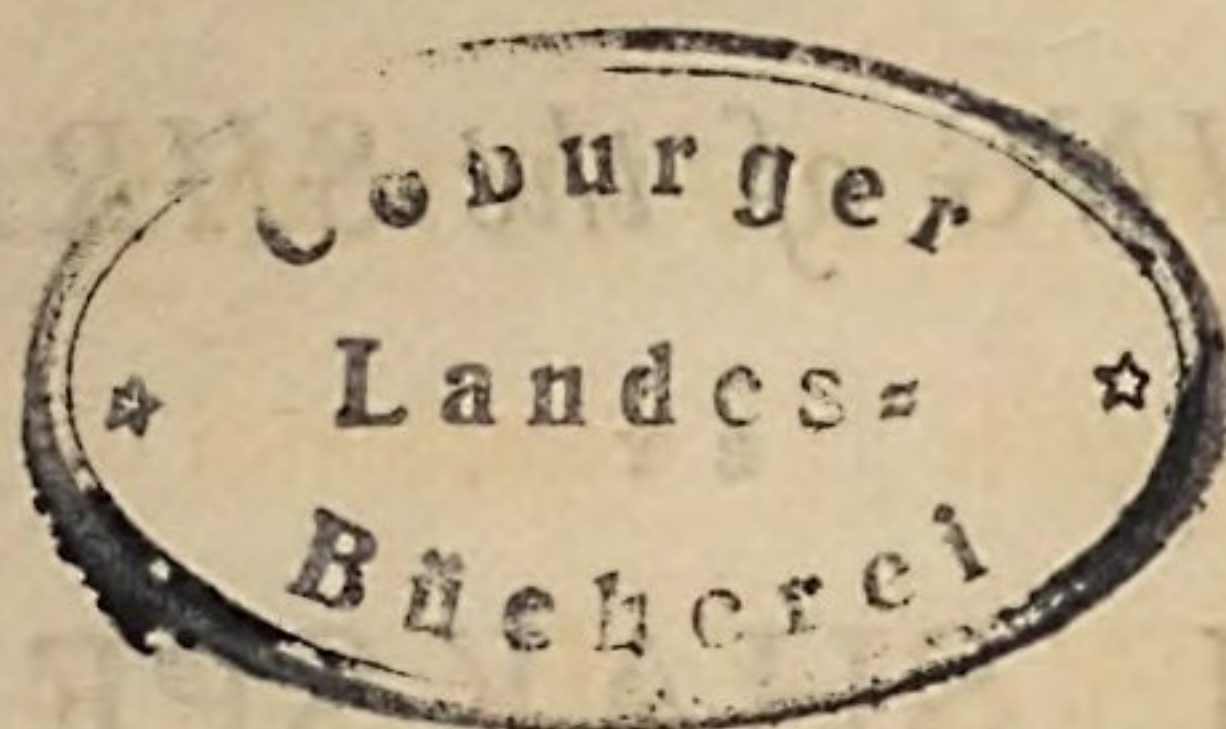
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MDCCCLXXXV.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF THE

TAMING of the SHREW.

WE have hitherto supposed Shakspeare the author of the *Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakspeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt *supposing* it to have been written by Shakspeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres, in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596 (and possibly there may be an earlier edition), called *The Metamorphoses of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion to the old play; "Read the *Booke of Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir."—I am

aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* so: Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasaunt Inuective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealtb*, 1579, mentions “twoo prose *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:” and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worcester, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intituled the *Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope’s list: “A pleasant conceited history, called, the *Taming of a Shrew*—sundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his servants.” Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakspeare’s copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista; but the author of the *Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston Cockayn. I knew Sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakspeare; and I was not inclined to dispute his authority: but how was I surprised, when I found that Cockayn ascribes nothing more to Shakspeare, than the *Induction-Wincot-ale* and the *Beggar*! I hope this was only a slip of Mr. Capell’s memory.

FARMER.

The

The following is Sir Aston's Epigram.

To Mr. Clement Fisher of Wincot.

Shakspeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
 That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
 Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
 To make him to believe he was a lord :
 But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
 'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
 Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies
 Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly trances :
 And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
 And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

Sir *A. Cockayn's Poems*, 1659. p. 124.

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Mr. Farmer's judgment, I own I cannot concur with him on the present occasion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakspeare was not its author. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio,

I once thought that the title of this play might have been taken from an old story, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells skin, or The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following : " Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt conceyted hystorie called, *The Tayminge of a Shrowe*." It is likewise entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606 ; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakspeare, to avail themselves of the titles of ancient per-

formances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has observed, Spenser sent out his *Pastorals* under the title of the *Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before these poems of Spenser appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepy's *Collection*, might have suggested to Shakspeare the Induction for this comedy. STEEVENS.

The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakspeare's own; and its intrinsick merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision.

May I add a few reasons why I neither believe the former comedy of the *Taming the Shrew*, 1607, nor the old play of *King John* in two parts, to have been the work of Shakspeare? He generally followed every novel or history from whence he took his plots, as closely as he could; and is so often indebted to these originals for his very thoughts and expressions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to spare himself the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both these plays (like that of *Henry V.* in which Oldcastle is introduced) were the unsuccessful performances of contemporary players. Shakspeare saw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were such as would furnish incidents for a better dramatist. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their scenes, still writing the dialogue anew, and inserting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preserving, or was too much in haste to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to see the track of others followed by those who would never have given themselves the trouble to mark out one of their own.

The

The following are the observations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his *Notes on the Epistle to Augustus*. “ The Induction, as Shakspeare calls it, to *The Taming of the Shrew*, deserves, for the excellence of its moral design and beauty of execution, throughout, to be set in a just light.

“ This *Prologue* sets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a short season, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the scene is taken to consist in the surprise and awkward deportment of *Sly*, in this his strange and unwonted situation. But the poet had a further design and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleasantry. He would expose, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purposes, than the soft and selfish gratification of their own intemperate passions : Of *those*, who take the mighty privilege of *descent and wealth*, to lie in the freer indulgence of those pleasures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and consistency of character, than their *lordships*.

“ To give a poignancy to his satire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himself, just returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleasures, contrive this metamorphosis of the beggar, in the way of sport and derision only ; not considering, how severely the jest was going to turn upon himself. His first reflections, on seeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent :

“ *O ! monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies !*

“ *Grim death ! how foul and loathsome is thy image !*

“ The offence is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *bestiality* ;

tiality; and at a state of stupid *insensibility*, the image of death. Nothing can be juster, than this representation. For these lordly sensualists have a very nice and fastidious abhorrence of such ignoble brutality. And what alarms their fears with the prospect of death, cannot choose but present a *foul and loathsome image*. It is, also, said in perfect consistency with the true Epicurean character, as given by these, who understood it best, and which is, here, sustained by this noble disciple. For, though these great masters of wisdom made *pleasure* the *supreme good*, yet, they were among the first, as we are told, to cry out against the *Asotos*; meaning such gross sensualists, “qui in mensam vomunt & qui de conviviis auferuntur, crudique postridie se rursus ingurgitant.” But as for the “mundos, elegantes, optumis cocis, pistoribus, piscatu, aucupio, venatione, his omnibus exquisitis, vitantes cruditatem,” these they complimented with the name of *beatos* and *sapientes*. [Cic. de Fin. lib. ii. 8.]

“And then, though their philosophy promised an exemption from the terrors of death, yet the boasted exemption consisted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual dissipation; so that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help on all occasions, expressing the most dreadful apprehensions of it.

“However, this transient gloom is soon succeeded by gayer prospects. My lord bethinks himself to raise a little diversion out of this adventure:

“Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man:

And, so, proposes to have him *conveyed to bed*, and blessed with all those regalements of costly luxury, in which a selfish opulence is wont to find its supreme happiness.

“The project is carried into execution. And now the jest begins.

begins. *Sly*, awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as usual for a *cup of ale*. On which the *Lord*, very characteristically, and (taking the poet's design, as here explained) with infinite satire, replies :

“ *O ! that a mighty man of such descent,*

“ *Of such possessions, and so high esteem,*

“ *Should be infused with so foul a spirit !*

“ And again, afterwards :

“ *Oh ! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,*

“ *Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment ;*

“ *And banish hence these lowly, abject themes.*

For, what is the recollection of this *high descent* and large *possessions* to do for him ? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purposes, are these *lowly abject themes* to be discarded ? Why, the whole inventory of Patrician pleasures is called over ; and he hath his choice of whichsoever of them suits best with his lordship's improved palate. A long train of *servants, ready at his beck* : musick, such as *twenty caged nightingales do sing* : couches, *softer and sweeter than the lustful bed of Semiramis* : *burning odours, and distilled waters* : *floors bestrewed with carpets* : the diversions of *hawks, hounds, and horses* : in short, all the objects of exquisite indulgence are presented to him.

“ But among these, one species of refined enjoyment, which requires a taste, above the coarse breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly insisted on. We had a hint, of what we were to expect, before :

“ *Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,*

“ *And hang it round with all my wanton pictures. Sc. II.*

And

And what lord, in the luxury of his wishes, could feign to himself a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

“ 2 Man. *Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight*

“ *Adonis painted by a running brook;*

“ *And Citherea all in sedges hid;*

“ *Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,*

“ *Ev’n as the waving sedges play with wind.*

“ Lord. *We will shew thee Iö, as she was a maid,*

“ *And how she was beguiled and surprised,*

“ *As lively painted, as the deed was done.*

“ 3 Man. *Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood,*

“ *Scratching her legs, that one shall swear, she bleeds,*

“ *So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.*

These pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well chosen. But the servants were not so deep in the secret, as their master. They dwell entirely on circumstantials. While his lordship, who had, probably, been trained in the chaste school of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

“ After these incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itself* are presented, as the crowning privilege of his high station:

“ *Thou hast a lady far more beautiful*

“ *Than any woman in this waining age.*

Here indeed the poet plainly forgets himself. The *state*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, surely demanded a *mistress*, instead of a *wife*. All that can be said in excuse of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a simple beggar, all unused to the refinements of high life, would be too much shocked, at setting out, with a proposal, so remote from all
his

his former practices. Be it as it will, *beauty*, even in a *wife*, had such an effect on this *mock Lord*, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himself at last to the enchanting deception.

“ *I see, I hear, I speak,*

“ *I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things;*

“ *Upon my life I am a Lord indeed.*

The satire is so strongly marked in this last line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer's intention. If any *should*, let me further remind him, that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the same game, *in jest*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *seriously*. The two cases are so similar, that some readers may, perhaps, suspect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His description of this instructive scenery is given in the following words:

“ *Visne (inquit Dionysius) ô Damocle, quoniam te hæc*
 “ *vita delectat, ipse eandem degustare & fortunam experiri*
 “ *meam? Cum se ille cupere dixisset, conlocari jussit homi-*
 “ *nem in aureo lecto, strato pulcherrimo, textili stragulo mag-*
 “ *nificis operibus picto: abaeosque complures ornavit argento*
 “ *auroque coelato: hinc ad mensam eximia forma pueros de-*
 “ *lectos jussit consistere, eosque nutum illius intuentes dili-*
 “ *genter ministrare: aderant unguenta, coronae: incende-*
 “ *bantur odores: mensae exquisitissimis epulis extruebantur.*”

[Tusc. Disp. lib. v. 21.]

It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the sweet delusion of *Christophero Sly*.

“ *Fortunatus sibi Damocles videbatur.*

“ The event in these two dramas, was, indeed, different. For the philosopher took care to make the *flatterer* sensible of
 his

his mistake; while the poet did not think fit to disabuse the beggar. But this was according to the design of each. For, the former would shew the misery of regal luxury; the latter its vanity. The tyrant, therefore, is painted wretched. And his Lordship only a beggar in disguise.

“ To conclude with our poet. The strong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* make it appear, how impossible it was for Shakspeare, in his idlest hours, perhaps, when he was only revising the trash of others, not to leave some strokes of the master behind him. But the morality of its purpose should chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the best design of exposing that monstrous Epicurean position, *that the true enjoyment of life consists in a delirium of sensual pleasure*. And this, in a way the most likely to work upon the great, by shewing their pride, that it was fit only to constitute the *summum bonum* of one

“ *No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.* Sc. iii.

“ Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his *bettors*, in giving this representation of nobility. He had the highest authority for what he did. For the great master of life himself gave no other of *Divinity*.

“ *Ipse pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*

“ *Fussit, & hanc vitam dixit habere Deos.*

Petron. c. 132.

STEEVENS.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two, without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca, the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

Characters in the Induction
To the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*,
4to. 1607.

A Lord, &c.

SLY.

A Tapster.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

ALPHONSUS, *a Merchant of Athens.*

JEROBEL, *Duke of Cestus.*

AURELIUS, *his Son,*

FERANDO,

POLIDOR,

VALERIA, *Servant to Aurelius.*

SANDER, *Servant to Ferando.*

PHYLOTUS, *a Merchant who personates the Duke.*

WOMEN.

KATE,

EMELIA,

PHYLEMA,

} *Daughters to Alphonsus.*

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.

SCENE, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Country-House.

Characters in the Induction.

A Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.*

Hostess.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

BAPTISTA, *Father to Katharina and Bianca; very rich.*

VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio, in Love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO, { *Pretenders to Bianca.*

HORTENSIO, {

TRANIO, { *Servants to Lucentio.*

BIONDELLO, {

GRUMIO, *Servant to Petruchio.*

PEDANT, *an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

WOMEN.

KATHARINA, *the Shrew.*

BIANCA, *her Sister.*

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher; with Servants attending on Baptista, and Petruchio.

SCENE, *sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*

Characters in the Induction.

Alfred, a young man, the hero of the play.
Christophine, his sister, a dramatic actress.

Hostess.
Page, Player, Harpist, and other servants attending on the
Lord.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Bartolomeo, a French knight and friend; very rich.
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.
Lorenzo, son to Vincentio, in love with Julietta.
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a scholar to Vincentio.
Gremio, } friend to Vincentio.
Horatio, }
Tania, } servants to Vincentio.
Petruchio, }
Gremio, }
Petruchio, an old fellow who is sometimes Vincentio.

WOMEN.

Katharina, the sister.
Blanca, her sister.
Hostess.
Juliet, Harpist's daughter; with servants attending on Petruchio.
and Vincentio.

Scene, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's
house in the country.



TAMING of the SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath. Enter Hostess, and SLY.

Sly.

I'LL pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 9

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough. [Exit.

B i i j

Sly.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law : I'll not budge an inch, boy ; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*]

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from Hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :

Brach Merriman—the poor cur is imbost—
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault ?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound. 20

Hunt. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ;
He cried upon it at the meereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent :
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool ; if Echo were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all ;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hunt. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here ? one dead, or drunk ? See,
doth he breathe ? 30

Hunt. He breathes, my lord : Were he not warm'd
with ale,
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt ! how like a ſwine he lies !
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image !—
Sirs, I will praſtiſe on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd

Wrap'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself? 40

1 Hunt. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hunt. It would seem strange unto him when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

Procure me musick ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound; 50

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,

Say—What is it your honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver bason,

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say—Will't please your lordship cool your
hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse, 60

And that his lady mourns at his disease:

Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick;

And, when he says he is——say that he dreams,

For

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs ;
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hunt. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our
 part,
 As he shall think, by our true diligence,
 He is no less than what we say he is. 70

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him ;
 And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out SLY. Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds :—
Belike, some noble gentleman ; that means,
 [Exit Servant.

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now ? who is it ?

Ser. An't please your honour, players,
 That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near :—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome. 80

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our
 duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
 Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;—

'Twas

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.—

Sincklo. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour
means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time; 91
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour
(For yet his honour never heard a play),
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient. 100

Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Exit one with the Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me (as he will win my love) 110
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:

Such

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom— 120
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst; 130
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exit Lord.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in the Lord's House. Enter SLY, with Attendants, some with Apparel, Bason and Ewer, and other Appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale. 140

1 Man. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Man. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Man. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather. 151

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

Oh, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-Heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession

fession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's——

1 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth; 169

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment.

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Musick.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd, 180

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks, will soar

Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch thrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Man.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are
as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee
straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook ;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid ; 190

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee Iö, as she was a maid ;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny
wood ;

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds :

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn. 199

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord ;

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And, 'till the tears, that she hath shed for
— thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world ;

And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?

Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd 'till now ?

I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :— 210

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;

And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!

Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time? 221

1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Man.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
maid; 230

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble lord ?

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife ? 241

Lady. Here, noble lord ; What is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband ?

My men should call me—lord, I am your good-man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband ;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well :—What must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ; so lords call ladies. 250

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and slept

Above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much ;—Servants, leave me and her alone—

Madam, undress you, and come now to-bed.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :

For your physicians have expressly charg'd, 260

In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :

I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet; 270

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,

Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff? 280

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Street in Padua. Flourish. Enter LUCENTIO, and his
Man TRANIO.*

Lucentio.

TRANIO, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd. 20
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow splash, to plunge him in the deep,

C i i j

And

And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Me pardonato*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,

30

Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk;
Musick, and poesy, use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

40

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, with KATHARINE and BIANCA.
GREMIO and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRA-
NIO stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
But how I firmly am resolv'd you know;

That

That is—not to bestow my youngest daughter, 50
 Before I have a husband for the elder :
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather : She's too rough for me :
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates
 for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ?

I-wis, it is not half way to her heart :

But, if it were, doubt not, her care shall be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

Gre. And me too, good Lord !

Tra. Hush, master ; here is some good pastime to-
 ward ;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see 70

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said—Bianca, get you in :

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.— 80
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books, and instruments, shall be my company ;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
speak. [*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?
Sorry am I, that our will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue? 90

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit BIANCA.*

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
School-masters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio—
Or signior Gremio, you—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up; 100
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, May I
not?

What, shall I be appointed hours; as, though, belike,
I knew

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewel:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father. 113

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to labour and effect one 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray? 120

Hor. Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough. 131

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry

dowry with this condition—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio? 142

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO, and HORTENSIO.*

Manent TRANIO, and LUCENTIO.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh, Tranio, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely; 150
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ; 160
Affection is not rated from the heart :
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward : this contents ;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had, 169
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not, how her
sister
Began to scold ; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
trance.
I pray, awake, sir ; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands :— 180

Her eldest sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That, 'till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !

But

But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her?

Tra. Ah, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio. 190

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them? 201

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once 210
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange Habits.*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient

(For

(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
 Although, I think, 'twas in another sense);
 I am content to be Lucentio, 220
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you
 been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where
 are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stoln your clothes?
 Or you stoln his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time. 230
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his;
 For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd:
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life:
 You understand me?

Bion. Ay, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth; 240
 Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would I were so too!

D

Tra.

Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wish
after—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah—not for my sake, but your master's—I
advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-
panies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;— 250

To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me
why—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 Man. *My lord you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely;
Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady;
'Would, it were done!

SCENE II.

*Before HORTENSIO's House in Padua. Enter PETRU-
CHIO, and GRUMIO.*

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua! but, of all,

260

My

My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I,
sir,
That I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should
knock you first, 271
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *sol*, *fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend
Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do
you all at Verona? 280

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

D i j

Gru.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.
—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service—Look you, sir—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps (for ought I see), two and thirty—a pip out? 291

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not these words plain—*Sirrah, knock me
here,*

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate? 300

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:— 310
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happily to wive, and thrive, as best I may:

Crowns

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her. 321

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance),
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough 330
As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry
him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot
with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as
many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing
comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest. 341
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;

Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's
effect:— 350

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; 360
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour
lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do,
she would think scolding would do little good upon
him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score
knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin
once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what,
sir—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a
figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she
shall

shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat : You
know him not, sir. 373

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee ;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;
And her withholds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
Supposing it a thing impossible 380
(For those defects I have before rehears'd),
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en ;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
'Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master 390
Well seen in musick, to instruct Bianca :
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguis'd, with Books
under his Arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See ; to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together !
Master, master, look about you : Who goes there ?
ha !

Hor.

Hor. Peace, Grumio ; 'tis the rival of my love :—
 Petruchio, stand by a while. 400

Gru. A proper strippling, and an amorous !

Gre. O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.
 Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :
 All books of love, see that at any hand ;
 And see you read no other lectures to her :
 You understand me :—Over and beside
 Signior Baptista's liberality,
 I'll mend it with a largess :—Take your papers too,
 And let me have them very well perfum'd ;
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself, 410
 To whom they go. What will you read to her ?

Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
 As, for my patron (stand you so assur'd),
 As firmly as yourself were still in place :
 Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning ! what a thing it is !

Gru. O this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum !—God save you, signior Gre-
 mio ! 420

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.
 Trow you

Whither I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.
 I promis'd to inquire carefully
 About a school-master for the fair Bianca :
 And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
 On this young man ; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit

Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry,
And other books—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another, 430
A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love :
Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking, 440
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see. 450

Gre. Oh, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange :

But, if you have a stomach, to't, o'God's name
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru.

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

[*Aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
 Think, you a little din can daunt mine ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds, 460
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
 That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
 As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
 Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark! 471

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
 My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*

To them TRANIO bravely apparell'd, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of signior Baptista Minola? 480

Gre.

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir: Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence? 491

Gre. No; if without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know;—

That's she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right—hear me with patience. 501

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a
jade. 511

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve. 520

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free 530
For our access—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law— 540
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

BAPTISTA'S House in Padua. Enter KATHARINA,
and BIANCA.

Bianca.

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself;
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive, 10
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou ly'st; Is't not Hortensio?

E

Bian.

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. Oh then, belike you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while: 20
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands,

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this
insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*]

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. 30

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit KATH.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the Habit of a mean Man; PETRUCHIO with HORTENSIO, like a Musician; TRANIO, and BIONDELLO bearing a Lute and Books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentleman! 40

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,

Her affability, and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour—

Am bold to shew myself a forward guest 50

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[*Presenting HORTENSIO.*

I do present you with a man of mine,

Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;

His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good
sake : 60

But for my daughter Katharine—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his
sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, 70
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of
it. To express the like kindness myself, that have
been more kindly beholden to you than any, free
leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long
studying at Rheims [*Presenting LUCENTIO*]; as cunning
in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the
other in musick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio;
pray, accept his service. 82

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome,
good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, methinks, you walk

walk like a stranger; [*To TRANIO.*] May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous. 90

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:

This liberty is all that I request—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:

If you accept them, then their worth is great. 100

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you the lute, and you the set of books,

[*To HORTENSIO and LUCENTIO.*]

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well. 110

[*Exit Servant with HORTENSIO and LUCEN.*]

E iij

We

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife? 120

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood—be it that she survive me—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained.
This is—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; 131
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy
speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not though they blow perpetually. 141

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his Head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look
so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering; 150
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me—rascal fidler,
And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench; 160
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited;
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you do ; I will attend her here,

[*Exit BAP. with GRE. HOR. and TRA.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail ; why then I'll tell her plain, 170

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :

Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence :

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week ;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married :—

But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak. 181

Enter KATHARINE.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing ;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate.

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,

Take

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;— 190
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd
you hither,
Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me. 200

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate ! I will not burden thee :
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be ? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take
thee ? 210

Kath. Ay, for a turtle ; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp ; i'faith, you are too
angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ah, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his
sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Your's, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come
again, 221

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [She strikes him.

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose you arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look
so sour. 232

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab;

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not
sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for
you. 240

Kath.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape
not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will; 252

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why doth the world report, that Kate doth limp?

Oh slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,

Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt. 260

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command,

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath.

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm. 270

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
bed :

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms :—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well),
Thou must be married to no man but me :
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate ; 280
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father ; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio ; how speed you with
my daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in
your dumps ?

Kath. Call you me, daughter ? now, I promise you,
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard, 290
To wish me wed to one half lunatick ;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father 'tis thus—yourself and all the world,
That

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;
 If she be curst, it is for policy :
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
 For patience, she will prove a second Grissel ;
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity : 800
 And to conclude—we have 'greed so well together,
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio ! she says, she'll see thee
 hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night
 our part !

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen ; I chuse her for myself ;
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe 310

How much she loves me : Oh, the kindest Kate !—

She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss

She vy'd so fast, protesting oath to oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh, you are novices ! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day :—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ; 320

I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say : but give me your
 hands ;

God send you joy, Petruchio ! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we ; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace :—

We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exit PETRUCHIO, and KATHARINE severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly ?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's
part. 330

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you ;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;—
Now is the day we long have looked for ;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more 339
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper stand back ; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound
this strife :

'Tis deeds, must win the prize ; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say,

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her? 350

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the
city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong 360
To house, or house-keeping; then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is her's,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, list to me;
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife, 370
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:

Fij

That

That she shall have ; besides an argosy,
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road :— 380
 What, have I choak'd you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
 Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses,
 And twelve tight gallies : these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;
 And she can have no more than all I have ;
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
 world,
 By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied. 390

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;
 And, let your father make her the assurance,
 She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
 If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
 I am thus resolv'd :—on Sunday next, you know,
 My daughter Katharine is to be marry'd :
 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca 400
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
 If not, to signior Gremio :
 And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee
 not ;
 Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
 To give thee all, and in his waining age,

Set

Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. *Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten. 410

'Tis in my head to do my master good:—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

BAPTISTA's House. *Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO,
and BIANCA.

Lucentio.

FIDLER, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony:

Then give me leave to have prerogative;

And when in musick we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far

To know the cause why musick was ordain'd! 10

Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,

F i i j

After

After his studies, or his usual pain ?
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,
 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
 To strive for that which resteth in my choice :
 I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
 I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor pointed times,
 But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—
 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
 His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune ?

[HORTENSIO retires.]

Luc. That will be never ;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them. 30

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before—*Simois*, I am Lucentio—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing—*Priami*, is my man Tranio—*regia*, bearing my port—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[Returning.]

Bian. Let's hear :—O fie ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet. 50

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides* Was Ajax—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no musick in three parts. 60

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*reading.*] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I ;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut ? tut ! I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice, 80

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both ; I must be
gone. [*Exit.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant ;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :—

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wandring eyes on every stale, 90

Seize thee, that list : If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE,
LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law :
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say—*Lo there is mad Petruchio's Wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise?

Though

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would, Katharine had never seen him
though! [Exit weeping.

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint, 120
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such
news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bian. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's
coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming. 130

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you
there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and
an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd;
a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one
buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out
of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chape-
less, with two broken points: His horse hip'd with
an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: be-
sides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in
the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with
the

the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread. 153

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey. 161

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back. 170

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not
many.

Enter PETRUCHIO, and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus. 180
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Eye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival. 190

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But,

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church. 200

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done
with words;

To me she's marry'd, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I, to chat with you, 210
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[Exit PET. GRU. and BION.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exit.]

Tra. But, sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold
A horse and a man is more than
many.

Enter PETRUCHIO, and G

Pet. Come, where be these gallants

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

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But where is Kate? where is my d
How does my father?—Gentles, m
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Bap. Why, sir, you know, this
First were we sad, fearing you w
Now sadder, that you come so u
Eye! doff this habit, shame to
An eye-sore to our solemn festi

Tra. Tell us, what occa
Hear you detain'd you
Whether so unlik
It were to tel
Come to ke
One part enfo

Gr. A bringdown, my jewel
died,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl
Tra. Cursier than she? why, his imp
Gr. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a ver
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the de
Gr. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a hol
I'll tell you, Sir Larentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his w
By gogs-awns, quoth he; and swore so
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

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[Exit BAP.]

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Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass

As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man—what'er he be,

It skills not much; we'll fit him to our use—

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;

And make assurance, here it stands.

him such a cuff,
and book and priest;
list.

he rose up again?

why, he stamp'd,

And, honest as the sun,

in.

to this most pertinent

to this most pertinent

been aboard, 260

form:

threw the sops

g no other reason—

and hungerly,

he was drinking.

about the neck;

a clamorous smack,

church did echo.

for very shame;

rout is coming: 270

er was before:

minstrels play. [Musick plays.

BIANCA, HOR-

TA.

Thank you for your

to-day,

wedding cheer;

hence,

And

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow school-master
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which, once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world. 231

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home? 240

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book: 250
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:

A health, quoth he; as if he had been aboard, 260

Carousing to his mates after a storm:

Quaff'd off the muscadel, and threw the sops

All in the sexton's face; having no other reason—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck;

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming: 270

Such a mad marriage never was before:

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick plays.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, BIANCA, HOR-
TENSIO, and BAPTISTA.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

G i j

And

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business, 280
You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat your stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be. 290

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten
the horses.

Kath. Nay, then, 300

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging, while your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself:—

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure. 310

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. 320
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:— 330

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exit PETRUCHIO, and KATHARINE.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table, 340

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast:—

Lucentio you shall supply the bridegroom's place:

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PETRUCHIO's Country House. Enter GRUMIO.

Grumio.

FYE, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters!
and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was
ever man so ray'd? was ever man so weary? I am
sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after
to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and
soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my
tongue

tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

11

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported? 20

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office. 32

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru.

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news? 40

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order? 50

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here. 60

Gru. There. [Strikes him.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning.

listning. Now I begin : *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress :—

Curt. Both on one horse ?

Gru. What's that to thee ?

Curt. Why, a horse.

69

Gru. Tell thou the tale :—But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how the horse fell, and she under her horse ; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place : how she was bemoil'd ; how he left her with the horse upon her ; how he beat me because her horse stumbled ; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore ; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before ; how I cry'd ; how the horses ran away ; how her bridle was burst ; how I lost my crupper ;—with many things of worthy memory ; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

81

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ? — call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest : let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit : let them curtsy with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

91

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her. 100

Enter four or five serving Men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat? 110

Nath. All things are ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO, and KATHARINE.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! 121

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse
drudge!

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat, 130
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gre-
gory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Where is the life that late I led— [Singing.

Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with Supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be
merry. 139

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It

*It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way :—*

[Sings.

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry :
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate :—Some water, here ; what, ho !

Enter one with Water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus ?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :—
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.—

Where are my slippers ?—Shall I have some water ?—
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily :—
You, whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ? 151

Kath. Patience, I pray you ; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave !
Come, Kate, sit down ; I know, you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate ; or else shall I ?—
What's this ? mutton ?

1 Ser. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it ?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat : 160
What dogs are these ?—Where is the rascal cook ?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :

[Throws the Meat, &c. about the Stage.

You

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it, 170
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he? 180

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,

H

And

And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
My faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd, 190
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;
That is—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not :
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed ;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster, 200
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong hu-
mour :—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak ; 'tis charity, to shew. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Before BAPTISTA'S House. Enter TRANIO, and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio? 212
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand by.*]

Enter BIANCA, and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me
that.

Luc. I read that I profess the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
heart. [*They retire backward.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I
pray, 221

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despightful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

Hij

And

And makes a god of such a cullion : 230

Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you—if you be so contented—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court !——Signior
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours 240
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath—
Never to marry her, though she would entreat :
Fye on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite for-
sworn !

For me—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass ; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard :
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.— 250
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit HORTEN.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case !
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love ;

And

And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA come forward.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio. 260

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long— 269
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatanté, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale, 280
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;

H i i j

And

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two :
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

290

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes
hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

300

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—

First,

First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa ?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been ;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens. 310

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio ?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him ;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
one. [*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake ;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio. 320

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd ;—
Look that you take upon you as you should ;
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay
'Till you have done your business in the city :
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand ;— 330
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter KATHARINE, and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;

340

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :

But I—who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat—

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep :

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;

As who should say—if I should sleep, or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—

I pry'thee go, and get me some repast ;

350

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatick a meat :—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?

Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little. 360

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say. 370

Enter PETRUCHIO, and HORTENSIO, with Meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amorph ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love ; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof :—
Here, take away this dish. 380

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house;

390

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bra-
very,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.—

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer; 401
A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then. 409

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pye: 420
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us
see't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:— 429

Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go,

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
 For you shall hop without my custom, sir :
 I'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :
 Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me. 441

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of
 thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance !
 Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !
 Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ; 450
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made
 Just as my master had direction :
 Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ? 460

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me : thou hast brav'd many men ;
 brave not me ; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I
 say

say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces : *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it. 470

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown :*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-body'd gown, sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compass'd cape ;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve ;—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves. 480

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir ; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say ; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me. 490

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir ; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life : Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. Oh, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for :

Take up my mistress' gown unto his master's use !

Oh, fye, fye, fye !

500

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid :—

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words :

Away, I say ; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments ;

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

511

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

Oh, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :

And

And therefore, frolick ; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.— 520
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see ; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse :
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone : 530
I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exit PET. KATH. and HOR.*]

SCENE IV.

*Before BAPTISTA's House. Enter TRANIO, and the
Pedant, dressed like VINCENTIO.*

Tra. Sir, this is the house ; Please it you, that I
call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father. 540

I i j

Enter

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you : But, sir, here comes your boy ;

'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bion. I told him, that your father was in Venice ;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee that to
drink. 550

Here comes Baptista :—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA, and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of ;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave ; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself : 560
And—for the good report I hear of you ;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,

To

To have him match'd ; and—if you please to like
 No worse than I, sir—upon some agreement,
 Me shall you find ready and willing
 With one consent to have her so bestow'd :
 For curious I cannot be with you,
 Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well. 570

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—
 Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
 And, therefore, if you say no more than this—
 That like a father you will deal with him,
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
 The match is made, and all is done :
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent. 580

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
 best,

We be affy'd ; and such assurance ta'en,
 As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
 Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
 Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;
 And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :
 There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,
 We'll pass the business privately and well : 590
 Send for your daughter by your servant here,
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

The worst is this—that, at so slender warning,

I i j

You'r

You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight :
And, if you will, tell what hath happened ;—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart !

[Exit.

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ? 602
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer :
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you. [Exeunt.

Bion. Cambio.— [LUCENTIO returns.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon
you ?

Luc. Biondello, what of that ?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing ; but he has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs
and tokens. 612

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with
the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him ?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the
supper.

Luc. And then ?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at
your command at all hours. 621

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello? 630

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented. She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

SCENE V.

A green Lane. Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's. 641

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Kath.

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light
now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost! 650

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward I pray, since we are come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun:—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not; 660
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should
run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; company is coming here.

Enter

Enter VINCENTIO.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ?—

[*To VINCENTIO.*

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too—

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ? 670

Such war of white and red within her cheeks !

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars 680

Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope, thou art not
mad :

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green :

Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father ;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-sire ; and, withal, make
known 690

Which

Which way thou travellest : if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir—and you my merry mistress—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me ;
My name is call'd—Vincentio ; my dwelling—Pisa :
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son. 700
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father ;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath marry'd :—Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd ; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualify'd as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio :
And wander we to see thy honest son, 710
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET. KATH. and VINCEN.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.

Have

Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before LUCENTIO's House. Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; GREMIO walking on one Side.

Biondello.

SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exeunt.

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go; I think, I shall command your welcome here, 11 And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.

Gre.

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder. [*Pedant looks out of the Window.*]

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal? 20

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come to Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father? 30

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain! I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping?—But who is here? mine old master Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing. 40

Vin.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing BIONDELLO.*

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father Vincentio?

Bion. What, my worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window. 50

Vin. Is't so indeed? - [*He beats BIONDELLO.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter below, the Pedant with Servants, BAPTISTA, and TRANIO.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—Oh, immortal gods! Oh, fine villain! a silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloke! and a copatain hat!—Oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university. 64

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

K

Tra.

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a mad-man: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 70

Vin. Thy father?—Oh villain!—he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name? I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio. 80

Vin. Lucentio!—oh, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—Oh, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: carry this mad knave to the jail:—father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison. 91

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio?

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—
Oh monstrous villain! 102

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. Oh, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exeunt BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant.*

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, 110
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us
all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio, 120
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss :—

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to ;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista ; we will content you, go to : 130

But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villany. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough : But I'll in among the rest ; Out of hope of all—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO, and KATHARINE, *advancing.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me? 139

Kath. No, sir ; God forbid : but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again :—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss : now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate ; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

LUCENTIO'S *Apartments.* Enter BAPTISTA, VINCEN-
TIO, GREMIO, *the Pedant*, LUCENTIO, BIANCA,
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, PETRUCHIO, KATHA-
RINE, GRUMIO, HORTENSIO, *and Widow.* *The*
Serving-Men with TRANIO bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree :
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine :—
Brother Petruchio—sister Katharina—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house ;
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer : Pray you, sit down ;
For now we sit and chat, as well as eat.

150

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were
true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard. 161

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my
sense ;

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly reply'd.

K i i j

Kath.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow. 170

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow! 180

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a better jest or two. 191

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And

And then pursue me as you draw your bow :—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINE, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, sir, Lucentio slip'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master. 199

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself ;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess ; hath he not hit you there ?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess ;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all. 210

Pet. Well, I say—no : and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife ;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content ;—What's the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns !
I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife. 220

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet.

Pet. A match ; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now ! what news ?

230

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How ! she is busy, and she cannot come !
Is that an answer .

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too :
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*

Pet. Oh, ho ! entreat her !

240

Nay, then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, your's will not be entreated.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife ?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse ; she will not come !
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd !
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress ;

Say,

Say, I command her come to me. [Exit GRU.

Hor. I know her answer. 251

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINE.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. 261

[Exit KATHARINE.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter, 270
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.—

Re-enter KATHARINE, with BIANCA, and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of your's becomes you not ;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her Cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass ! 280

Bian. Fye ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too :
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking ; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not. 290

Pet. I say, she shall ;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye ! fye ! unknit that threat'ning unkind.
brow ;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty 300
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy

Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance : commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—
Too little payment for so great a debt. 310

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband :
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey. 320

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
But that our soft condition, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of your's,
My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown :
But now, I see our lances are but straws ; 329
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot ;
And place your hands below your husband's foot :

In

In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss
me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt
ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are fro-
ward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:— 340

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, and KATHARINE.

Hor. Now, go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst
shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd
so. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.



Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel, / Steevens, George,

Taming of the Shrew

London 1785

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